Dear Mom and Dad,

Sorry it has been so long since I have written. The date is April 20th 1920 and I am doing well.

I have finally found an apartment in Manhattan to share with a man named Gino. It located off a small road called Canal Street. Everybody around us is an Italian immigrant which gives the place a great sense of community. We all look out for each other and we don’t let any outsiders mess with us. Recently I have begun to work with a local construction crew building and repairing roads and bridges around the city. My friend Gino recommended the job to me and I recognize a lot of workers from apartments around the one I share. In fact I can count on one hand the amount of workers in the crew that aren’t Italian. The job doesn’t have very good pay but I can make due. I am just glad that I finally found work. All The factories in the surrounding areas where unwilling to hire me, I can only wonder why.

Remember how I could only find protestant churches. Well my friend Gino was nice enough to show me the local Catholic Church. So don’t worry mom I have been able to go to church every Sunday and say by prayers every night. I thought this would make you especially happy. Who knows maybe that’s why I was fortunate enough to get a job?

Gino recently subscribed to a newspaper. Thankfully it is in Italian and I am able to read it. My English has improved a lot over the year I have been in the States but I still can’t read English. Gino keeps reading about this baseball player Ping Bodie in the newspaper and talking about how amazing he is. I keep asking “How do you know he’s so great? You’ve never even seen him”. Gino always says he going to save up all his money and when the White Sox come to New York he is going to go watch him play. Even if Gino saved all his money his entire life I don’t think he would be able to pay for a ticket. Besides he spends all his money at the bars anyway. Just the other day he came back to the apartment and told me a story about an Italian immigrant who was confronted by a cop. The cop nearly beat him to death simply because he was Italian! I haven’t gone out of the apartment at night sense I heard that story. But don’t worry mom, we are like a family we all look out for each other. Despite some of the horror story’s I have heard I have never had anything bad like that happen to me.

Please wish Eva a happy birthday for me. I have enclosed an American coin for her. I would send more but all my money is going to rent in the apartment or saving for the return trip to Italy.

I miss you Mom and Dad

Sincerely,

Cristiano



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